

THE SENTINEL

Fiji and its "Mountain Devils,"
Globe.

The main interest of Fiji centres about the rocky, impregnable fortress named Mbau, or "Godland." This Mbau is an island of not more than a mile in circumference, and from its summit the traveler may discourse from two texts—the one being the natural beauties of the Fiji Islands all around, and the other the awful horrors of cannibalism which invested these beautiful regions even as late as 1854, when the conversion of the terrible King Thakombau by the Wesleyan Mission put a check upon it. At the top of Mbau are the ruins of the old heathen temple with the historical Great Stone, against which so many victims have been battered to death before being eaten. From this point at sunrise the most beautiful view can be obtained. As one looks around over the two hundred or more islands, which seem to float on the water like clouds in a golden sky, one naturally calls to mind the late Laureate's line:

On from island to island at the gateways of the day.

Far below the glistening ocean the coral reefs encircle each cloud like island with a silver lining, and the fringe of cocoanut palms by the shore helps to justify the expression "Knots of Paradise." Each fragment of land in the sea for miles around is as much a hill as an island, giving the impression that the whole group is a collection of the highest mountain tops of some submerged continent, and this idea is fostered by a review of the extremely ancient ruins, illustrated by monoliths here and there, which have left their traces in the original religion of the people. But to return to the top of Mbau and the view. One cannot help noticing the prevalence of overhanging crags everywhere, the reason of which is not very far to seek; the constant action of the water upon the basaltic and conglomerate formation of the rocks causes an undermining which is a special feature of the islands. It was due to this that Mbau was, before any land was reclaimed and added to its base, an inaccessible coign of vantage for the "mountain devils" or cannibals that used to live there.

Everywhere the vegetation is most luxurious. Tree ferns and the graceful bread fruit wave side by side on the islands; cocoanuts and bananas clothe the slopes near the shore, and the wilder woods lands are relieved by the papua and the grotesque screw pine. Far out between the islands here and there may be seen a canoe, the inmates of which are probably, according to ancient custom, singing or whistling for a breeze. They might just as well whistle for the sun to rise, for nothing is more certain than that their whistling will be answered. There is an old philosophical proverb which says: "happy is he who wills what is about to happen." It is on this principle, perhaps, that the Fijian whistles superstitiously for the breeze that is bound to come. In all the Pacific nowhere can you get a finer breeze than in Fiji, where the humid land atmosphere renders it all the more acceptable. To stand upon the seashore, with the palms swaying and whispering overhead, and face the sea breeze as it comes murmuring in over the breakers on the coral reef is a most congenial morning exercise. In the calm Pacific, which washes over the coral reefs into the beautiful lagoons, no one would ever imagine that there lurked thousands of hungry sharks; nor does one take readily to the still more unpleasant truth that these islands, in general, have been the scene of some of the most heinous cannibalism ever enacted among mankind. Yet it is so; and just as Mbau was the hub of all this little cannibal world, so it was Thakombau, or Kakombau (so named because he brought "evil to Mbau") the most interesting figure in its history. This Thakombau was the son of the wicked King Tanoa, who strangled and ate his wives. To show how nearly he approached the standard of Nero in youthful cruelty, it is related of Thakombau that, when he was only six years old, a young man captured from a neighboring hostile tribe was led up to be clubbed to death by this little murderer. It is also recorded that, later in life, when he was a ruling chief, a native accused of slander was brought before him. He had the slanderer's tongue cut out and ate it there and then before his eyes, cracking jokes all the while. On another occasion, when a white man came to collect a debt which Thakombau did not feel inclined to pay, he reminded the importunate creditor that in the opinion of Thakombau and his brother chiefs there was nothing in the world so nice as the flesh of the white man—it was "like ripe bananas."

In the good, old days, before Thakombau turned Christian, it was no uncommon thing for native laborers to leave their work on the spur of the moment and hurry off at the sound of the gong to a feast of human flesh. Some dozen might be working in the fields, and all within hearing were cordially invited. An interesting tale is told of old King Thakombau when he was once staying in Sydney on a visit. He took a great fancy to the little granddaughter of Sir Hercules Robinson, and liked her to sit on his knee with her arm round his neck. In this position sometimes she would look up into the old King's face with sudden doubts, and say, in implor-

ing whispers, "You won't eat me, will you? Please don't eat me—you won't will you?"

The color of the pure Fijian is a dark red-brown, but this color is only seen now among the few "mountain devils" that are left. The people of the seashore are of a Malayan-Polynesian mixture, and their color is considerably lighter. Their religion was originally the worship of ancestors, and the most pronounced of their rites has been described; but that is all altered now—the very stone that stood before the heathen temple on Mbau is now converted to Christianity, and stands as the baptismal font in the Thakombau memorial church. One of the most noticeable features of the heathen Fijian is his hair. It is like a crop of Samson wire eyed with the sap of the mangrove and trimmed up into fearful and wonderful imitations of natural objects. They are so particular about their hair that they have a special kind of wooden pillow designed for the purpose of preserving its symmetry when they are asleep. Tobacco smoking is a favorite habit among them. The natives grow and manufacture their own tobacco, and smoke it in the form of cigarettes rolled up in dried plantain leaves, in the choice of which they are most particular.

The language of the Fijians is one of the most beautiful in the Southern Hemisphere, and lends itself fluently to their strange faculty for impromptu chanting, which they have most probably inherited along with some of the strange and mysterious forms of ceremonial magic which have come down to them from a very remote antiquity. Any one who has listened to the pure Fijian language delivered by a native orator—and there are many of them—is inclined to agree with the poet, who did not exaggerate its beauty when he sang:

It melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin.

Sport in Australia.
English Illustrated Magazine.

The kangaroo is the principal victim of the chase, and its timidity and swiftness of foot commend it to the sportsman who likes his sport minus unnecessary danger, as much as its appetite for grass intended for sheep and cattle condemns it in the eyes of the farmer. So the kangaroo has to go, and it does go in a variety of methods. It is hunted into stockades and brained with clubs; it is poisoned; and it is shot, either by stalking or driving. The last named is not, in the particular case of the kangaroo, a very sporting method. The animal is when hurried as dazed as any hare. Considerations of sport are, moreover, subservient to the desire to destroy such vermin, and the guns are in consequence so posted, and in such numbers, that the animals have no chance of escape. Few animals of such size die more easily, and a very indifferent marksman, with a twelve bore loaded with No. 2 shot will generally, at close quarters, bring down any kangaroo that is driven by him. I have seen large wallabies killed with no more than half a dozen pellets in the head and chest. But the best method of bringing down the larger kangaroos is unquestionably by stalking with a well sighted rifle. In this there is real sport, or the nearest approach to sport that the larger marsupials offer, and the absence of danger in the animal itself is to some extent balanced by the rough work entailed in working two or three miles to leeward over parched sand and scrub peopled by fierce insects and venomous snakes.

Any little excitement that the sportsman may hanker after will be furnished at a moment's notice by his placing himself between a black snake, or death-adder, and its hole in the neighboring rock, or by his disturbing a tarantula or two. I know a surveying engineer, who, on one occasion, some where in tropical Queensland, placed his nose, when laying down his chains, within an inch of an enormous basking centipede, and has not, twenty years afterwards, forgotten the horrible shock on seeing the repulsive creature close to his face. Had it laid hold, he was a dead man. Cooler and more peaceful is the moonlight ramble after the smaller marsupials that carry beautiful and much coveted skins, and wander forth at night amid the gum trees. By a marvellous protective instinct these animals stiffen their bodies and remain motionless at the sound of footsteps in the dry undergrowth, and, save when the experienced skin hunter gets them in line with the moon's friendly disc, and critically reads their secret, they thus escape many a charge of shot. Even when discovered and plucked with lead, their prehensile tail and curved claws often cheat the gunner of his prey, and the corpses sway amid the gum branches that, then more than ever, resemble gallows trees. Easiest to see are the little native bears (bears in name only, and weighing no more than a few pounds) and easiest to hear and distinguish, too, amid the few characteristic voices of the bush, is their blood curdling cry when badly hit. I once heard a monkey's voice under similar circumstances, but it was a glad whisper next to the swan song of the koala.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is closed entirely deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TANNHAEUSER BEER.

UNQUESTIONABLY THE

FINEST LIGHT BEER EXTANT.

THE TANNHAEUSER BEER

is brewed from the Finest Pale Canada West Barley Malt and Saazer Hops, and especially recommended for its tonic and nutritive qualities.

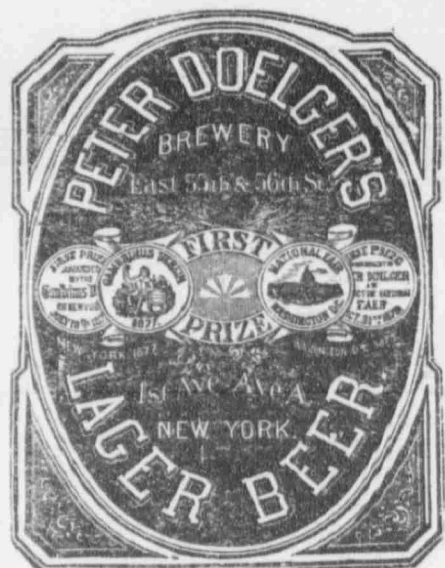
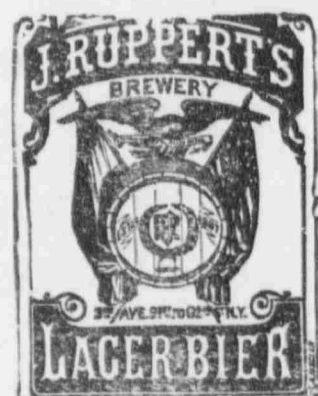
The BERGNER & ENGEL BREWING COMPANY received Two Medals at the Centennial Exhibition, 1876, and was awarded the Grand Prize at the Universal Exposition in Paris, 1878, highest award and Diploma of Honor, Brussels Exposition, 1888, Grand Prize and Grand Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1889, four awards at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, and Grand Prize at the International Exposition, Antwerp, 1894.

THE BERGNER & ENGEL BREWING CO

PHILADELPHIA PA.



DAILY CAPACITY 6 000 PACKAGES



CLAUSEN & PRICF BREWING CO.,

NEW YORK BREWERY.

59th St. and 11th Ave.,

NEW YORK.

XX, XXX Ales and Porter for City and Export use.

D. G. YUENGLING JR., BREWING CO.

EXTRA FINE LAGER BEER BREWERY.

Cor. 128th St. and 10th Ave.

NEW YORK.

THE JACOB HOFFMANN BREWING CO.

206, 208, 210, 212 E. 55th Street

NEW YORK.

M. N. NOLAN, Pres. and Treas.
M. SCHRODT, JOHN HOFFMAN, Mgrs.
A. KAMPER, JOSEPH A. SHEA, Secy.

QUINN & NOLAN

Beverly Brewing Co.

LAGER BEER BREWERY.

22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 North Ferry Street,

ALBANY, N. Y.

WILLIAM SIMON, PROPRIETOR

John Schuler's Brewing Co.,

BREWERY & MALTSTER,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ATLANTIC BREWERY.

RUTISAM & HORMAN BREWING COMPANY.

Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.

GEO. RINGLER & CO.,

LAGER BEER BREWERS

91st and 92d Streets between 2d and 3d Avenues,

NEW YORK.

N. SEITZ'S SON

BROOKLYN CITY BREWERY

Established 1845.

259-264 MAUJER ST.

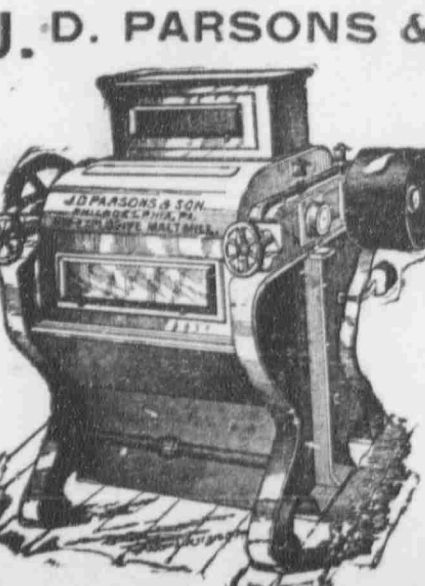
BROOKLYN.

F. H. KLING

BREWING CO.,

Jefferson Ave., near Belle Isle Bridge

DETROIT MICH



Contracting Engineers, Architects, Millwrights and Machinists.
26th and Poplar Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Plans and Specifications furnished for our improved Gravity System for Breweries.
Builders of modern Machinery and Millwright work for Breweries, Malt and Elevator Houses.

ALLEY'S ALES

L L L

L L L

E E E

Y' ALE Y'

S EBLANA BREWERY BOSTON, MASS

PETER BREIDT CITY BREWERY CO.

LAGER BEER BREWERY.

600-612 Pearl Street.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

JOSEPH HENSLEY BREWING CO.

LAGER BEER BREWERY.

73 HAMBURG PLACE,

Newark, N. J.

LEMBECK & BETZ

STEAM ALE BREWERY,

164 to 186 Ninth Street, between Grove and Henderson Streets,

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

FRANK FEHR BREWING CO

CITY BREWERY,

Office: No. 436 E. Greene Street,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

F. F. X. L. and LAGER BEER

This Beer awarded first premium (Gold Medal) at Southern Exposition, Louisville, Ky., 1883 and 1884.

FRANK SENN. PH. ACKERMAN.

SENN & ACKERMAN

MAIN STREET BREWERY

1710 to 1720 W. Main St.,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE GEO. WIEDEMANN BREWING CO.

Jefferson St.,

Newport, Ky.

PABST BREWING COMPANY

MILWAUKEE, WIS



The largest and most popular Brewery in the world. Annual output over 1,000,000 bbls. You can get it wherever you go by simply asking for "Pabst." Address all communications to

Pabst Brewing Co.,

103-705 North Capitol Street

Telephone 273-1

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ASK FOR Schlitz



THE BEER THAT MADE

MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

UNEQUALLED FOR TABLE USE.



SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY MILWAUKEE WIS.

Eastern Depots:

615 D street sw. Washington D C

512 & 514 South Eutaw Baltimore

P. M. Ohmels & Co., 146 & 148 Fulton street, New York.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO.

BREWERS AND EXPORTERS OF HIGH-GRADE BEERS: ONLY.

MILWAUKEE WIS

CHRISTIAN MOERLEIN BREWING COMPANY

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS

OF FINEST QUALITY OF LAGER BEER

Elm, Henry and Dunlap Streets

CINCINNATI, O.



FRANK JONES

BREWING CO.

celebrated GOLDEN, STOCK, IMPERIAL CREAM & XXX ALES India Pale, Porter and Brown Stout Importer of Bass's Ale

Office: 84 Market Street,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEPOT: 147 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

GERHARD LANG,

BREWER

BUFFALO, N. Y.